THE MERRY WIVES OF DOUGLAS; OR THE DOUGLAS GARLAND.

In TWO PARTS.

Written by a young GENTLEMAN.

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THE

MERRY WIVES

OF

DOUGLAS, &c.

PART I.

[This seems to have been prophetic, as it was wrote before the decision.]

WITH bells and with bone-fires, the village around,
With claret in flaggons, and trumpets to sound.
With claret in flaggons, and trumpets to sound.

Carousing, triumphing, we come to proclaim,
That DOUGLAS in battle, and law, is the same,
That DOUGLAS in battle, and law, is the same.

Chorus.

Come a health to Great DOUGLAS, and health to her Grace,
All blessings below, that mortals can know,
Or heav'n can confer on our *brave Scottish* race.
Or heav'n can confer, &c.

Thro' Scotland, thro' England, thro' France, and thro' Spain,
They bang'd ay their foes that they ne'er rose again,
They bang'd ay their foes, &c.
In fight they ne'er lost Scotland's standard so glorious,
And now they're come off with their own all victorious.
And now they're come off, &c.
Chorus.

For listen good neighbours, I'll tell you a story,
The like never heard yet by whig or by tory;
There fell out a change in the year sixty-one,
A change all so right should be wonder to none.
Chorus.

Without son or daughter, a *Peer* of great fame
Gave his lands to another to bear up his name,
While his *Sister*, calumniate, excluded, forgot,
Was left with two brave *Boys* to beg for a groat.
Chorus.

It

It makes my heart bleed yet how this gentle *Lady*,
Oppreſſed by foes, and by friendſhips unſteady,
Deny'd to her brother, caſt forth from his gate,
Heart-broken and ſtarving expir'd by ſad fate.
Chorus.

O curſ'd love of riches! Foul ſource of worſt crimes,
That e'er ſoil'd the glory of Scotland's beſt times;
All virtue effacing, like an infernal flood,
Deep dying oppreſſion with innocent blood!
Chorus.

Both *Parents* long ſtruggling their *Offſpring* to ſave,
Were laid with the younger to reſt in the grave;
O ſhield heav'n the helpleſs, when ſtrangers of pow'r,
The *orphan's inheritance* wait to devour!
Chorus.

The cry of the orphan, the cauſe of the juſt,
Prevailed on high, tho' below in the duſt;
And as you know others by Judith of old;
So the DOUGLAS was ſav'd by a DOUGLAS ſo bold.
Chorus.

Our noble *Peer* wedded a nymph of great name,
For wiſdom and ſpirit far ſounded by fame;
The cauſe of the DOUGLAS *ſhe* try'd in the Hall,
And aliens and ſtrangers *ſhe* baniſhed them all.
Chorus.

She ſought out his *Nephew*, received him to favour,
And fed at his table with princely demeanour;
He wept when his *Siſter's* ſad ſtory was told,
And, dying, bequeath'd him his lands and his gold.
Chorus.

Thus when oft in the world the good ſeem to ſtray,
Kind providence guides them, and points out their way;
The rugged grows ſmooth, and on others retorted,
The proud are confounded, the humble comforted.
Chorus.

Now mark us, good neighbours! How it did befal,
In DOUGLAS's right in the Parliament-hall;
Theſe judges impartial, and jury-men clear,
Serv'd him heir to a dukedom, ten thouſand a-year.
Chorus.

Then

Then think what our ſtrangers and aliens did ſay,
They r ſared like lions new robb'd of their prey;
They ſhip'd off, they ſpur'd off, they ſailed to France,
And all to learn how to play DOUGLAS a dance!
Chorus.

Then caballing with papiſts, with monks, and with friars,
With tumblers, and ſtrumpets, and blackguards, and liars,
They botch'd up law-libels, ſo frothy and rare,
That the horn of our judges blew all in the air.
Chorus.

To ſwear down the DOUGLAS they muſter'd their band,
French raſcals and buffoons, the ſcum of the land;
So thieviſh, ſo graceleſs, you'd ſwear, to prevail,
They unloaded the gibbets, and preſs'd the rank jail.
Chorus.

They embark'd in ſuch ſchemes, that the father of lies,
Who marched as uſher all the while in diſguiſe;
Foreſeeing ſuch knav'ry his credit might blot,
Flew off to Pandemon with the beſt of the plot.
Chorus.

And now our good *Ducheſs*, appriſ'd of the ſnare,
Which aliens and papiſts had laid for the heir,
Like the Hebrew renowned, all loyal and brave,
Went forth as inſpired her people to ſave,
Chorus.

O'er winter ſeas roaring, and the fierce hoſtile ſhore,
She ruſh'd with her *friend*, their fell foes to explore;
She challeng'd, protected by the ſov'reign of France,
And cleft Holofernes's head with a lance.
Chorus.

How happy for ſome, had they yielded the fight!
Nor contended at random in perfect deſpite;
But debate drew black legions from the walls of Tournelle,
And all Bedlam ſupported the fine tale we tell.
Chorus.

It chanc'd a French mountebank loſt ſon or heireſs,
The ſame year the DOUGLAS was born in great Paris,
And they will maintain it, (the devil give them joy),
That our warlike black DOUGLAS is harlequin's boy.
Chorus.

But

But how, at the bar, they averr'd and defended,
'Till judges were deafen'd, and lawyers throats rended;
'Till clerks knew not what they were jotting and ſcribbling,
And L——— himſelf loſt the thread of his quibbling.
Chorus.

On the other ſide DOUGLAS, with his *myrmidons* bold,
Knock'd down all their pope's bulls, like Milo of old;
But they roar'd ſuch a peal, and diſturb'd all the houſe,
That both ſenate and people adjourn'd by a truce.
Chorus.

But then when the day of dread judgment drew near,
Their bold hearts did fail them, thro' guilt and thro' fear,
And they hop'd, like ſchool truants, by jilting the taws,
To ward the fell ſentence and laſh of the laws.
Chorus.

Then M——d aroſe, like good Brutus of old,
Indignant that judgment and right ſhould be ſold;
And fixing, with *juſtice*, a day for their doom,
Struck iniquity down like the *father* of Rome.
Chorus.

PART II.

FAIR dawn'd the bright morning, ſome fancied full ſoon,
And impatience, ſtark naked, knock'd up all the town;
The court gates harſh jarring denounced afar,
Like Janus Portcullis, the evils of war.
Chorus.

Enthroned in ſtate ſat our judges ſo able,
The lawyers all round, and the clerks at their table;
The parties all eager came poſting to places,
With hopeful, with fearful, with red, and pale faces.
Chorus.

And laſt came the people all joyful to hear
Our good ſenate decide for ten thouſand a-year;
Great lords and fine ladies as gallant and gay,
As to ſtare down Glenalvon in DOUGLAS, the play.
Chorus.

To a ſcene all ſo ſolemn, grave muſes might bring
Minerva, and Hermes, and Phœbus their king;
Paint Juſtice and Law at the footſtool of Jove,
While heav'n in loud thunder aſſents from above.
Chorus.

But

But as yet not ſo high: we with caution declare,
How ſome ſecond-ſighted ſaw dread forms appear;
Fair Truth cloſs attended by Innocence bright,
Simplicity artleſs, Conviction all light.
Chorus.

Grave Juſtice with candor ſtill poiſing her ſcale,
With fortitude, dauntleſs, and well govern'd zeal;
Then glided aloft o'er the heads of the crowd,
To the Genius of DOUGLAS enthron'd in a cloud.
Chorus.

But vile Falſehood maſk'd in the heart to diſguiſe,
Fell Malice and Envy with Baſiliſk's eyes;
Loud ſlander and clamour, hell-hounds in foul plight,
Flew off with mad rage to the regions of night.
Chorus.

All was huſh; dreadful prelude! as when from a cloud,
Vollied thunder ſtricks down th' airy tow'rs of the proud;
For the event all trembling the people await,
But DOUGLAS unſhaken conſided in fate.
Chorus.

In that awful moment the youth ſecond-ſighted,
Saw, or fancied the council great Homer indicted;
Fair emblem like this of the council on high,
To decide all things right with an impartial eye.
Chorus.

The Sov'reign enthron'd, whoſe vaſt ſcepter controuls
Our earth and high heav'n, while his nod ſhakes the poles;
The divine pow'r of Wiſdom, his daughter ſo bright,
Who preſides over ſenates, and lends them her light.
Chorus.

Apollo and Hermes ordain'd to bear rule,
At Virtue's deciſions in Cicero's ſchool;
With Mars and Alcides, protectors of old
To Theſeus, Achilles and DOUGLASES bold.
Chorus.

Theſe wiſely conferring, great Jove call'd to bring
Their records eternal; the Fates, on bold wing,
The brazen leaf'd volume unroll'd to the ſkies,
And read the deep gravings with their ſtarry eyes,
Chorus.

Now in that burniſh'd page, where great events to trace,
Old Deſtiny points out our brave *Scottiſh Race;*
'Twas foretold, how a youth from the DOUGLAS deſcended,
By malice aſſailed, by heav'n defended;
Chorus.

Should deep wade the floods of Adverſity thro',
Preſerv'd by a *noble Dame,* valiant and true;
How in public he ſhou'd o'er the mighty prevail,
And with glory he crowned the *Prince of the Dale.*
Chorus.

The Fates read the mandate; the Sire gives the nod,
And ſtamps the decree with the ſeal of the God;
Then Juſtice ſtood forth in rich purple array'd,
With a bright crown Imperial, and two edged blade.
Chorus.

Aloft ſhe ſuſpends the golden balance of Jove,
To all mortals below, and immortals above;
And poiſing, preſented, as vanity light,
A bundle of LIES againſt DOUGLAS's RIGHT.
Chorus.

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FINIS.